

PUNCH'S ALMANACK

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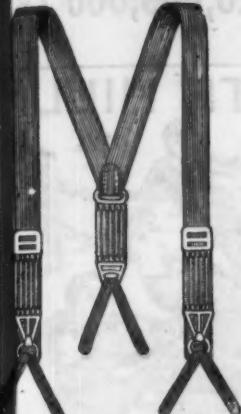


PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

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TENT
SPIRAL
SPRING
BRACES



Teachers writes in "Times," Oct. 4, 1883: "or no Braces, has been exercising the minds of students of the Times. One gentleman says that to do without them, another that he can do without them by hitching up his trousers well, while he has and does not practice it. I am in Paris, and wanting a pair of braces to the shop called 'Old England,' to buy a pair which both behind and before steel springs. Any movement extended the fact that it seemed to have no braces on, and yet like the others were compelled to be reduced to the necessity of periodically hitching users. The next time I went to Paris I en- to buy another pair of the braces, but was I could not get them, so on my return to have some made. Why there is no sale for braces in Paris, I do not know, for unless THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE BRACES THAT EVER WERE MADE." SPIRAL SPRING BRACES ARE NOW SOLD BY ALL HOSIERS.

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THE SPECIFIC FOR
URALGIA.

2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Irish Sauce is Sauce for All.

CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS,
IRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

BEST AND CHEAPEST
URAL APERIENT

unpadi WATER

Yost
sand
to the Palate."



GREY HAIR restored by NUDA VERITAS, after which the hair grows the natural colour, not grey. Unparalleled as a dressing, it causes growth, arrests falling, and its use defies detection. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, &c., in cases, 10s. 6d. Wholesale Agents, R. HOWENDEN & SONS, 31 & 32, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., and 93 & 95, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. Circulars can be had, and Testimonials seen.



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WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

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SPECIAL
AUTHORITY.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
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ELEGANT CRYSTAL

TOILET CASKET

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METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/- SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

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Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

THE BEST AND SAFEST ARTICLE FOR CLEANING

SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

GOLD MEDAL, New Zealand, 1882.

Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

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ASSORTED SAMPLE BOX, 6d. OF ANY STATIONER, OR SEND

7 STAMPS TO THE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

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Stock of Gold and Silver Key Watches, at 20 per cent. Reduction, and will keep no more Key

Watches. No Travellers. No Commissions.

IN return for a £10 note, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless

action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.—65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

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2. 'NORFOLK' SUIT, for BOYS of 3 to 9 years.

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4. 'SAVOY' SUIT, for BOYS of 3 to 12 years.

5. 'OXONIAN' SUIT, for BOYS of 12 years & upwards.

6. 'EDINBORO' SUIT, for BOYS of 9 to 17 years.

7. 'ETON' SUIT, for BOYS of 3 to 7 years.

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9. 'EDINBORO' DEMI-SUIT, for BOYS of 8 to 12 years.

10. 'PRINCE' SUIT, for BOYS of 9 to 11 years.

11. 'JERSEY' SUIT, for BOYS of 3 to 9 years.

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DOG SOAP
"Harmless to Dogs,
but fatal to Fleas."
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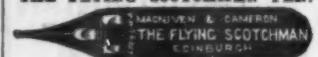
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THE FLYING SCOTCHMAN PEN.



"They glide like an express train."

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"I have found it matchless for the skin and complexion."

Adelaide Patti.

"I have pleasure in stating that I have used your Soap for some time, and prefer it to any other."

Willie Langtry.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



THE CALENDAR. 1884.

February xxix Days.

1	J. Kemb	b	16	S	Burkeza
2	R. Linec	b	17	S	Den. S.
3	R. L. L.	b	17	S	Luther
4	G. A. E.	bip	17	S	G. person
5	T. W.	b	17	S	T. W.
6	T. W.	b. 15	21	T	T. W.
7	W. H.	b.	21	T	Trinidad
8	T. H.	b.	21	T	Vermon
9	D. H.	b.	21	T	Vermon
10	H. F.	g.	21	S	H. J. Key
11	D. B.	b.	21	S	Quinca
12	D. B.	b.	21	S	Quinca
13	D. B.	b.	21	S	Wren
14	S. B.	b.	21	T	T. Moore
15	M. D.	b.	21	T	Ad. Wed.
16	M. D.	b.	21	T	J. T. T.
17	C. L.	b.	21	T	Kewaki
18	C. L.	b.	21	T	Kewaki
19	C. L.	b.	21	T	Kewaki
20	C. L.	b.	21	T	Kewaki
21	F.	b.	21	T	Kewaki

March xxxi Days.

S	St. David	10	M	St. Peter
S	I. S. in Lest	11	M	St. Merton
M	St. M. in Lest	12	M	St. Michael
M	St. M. & St. G.	13	M	St. Michael & St. G.
D	De Monfort	14	P	Perpetua
D	Will. III. d	15	P	Perpetua
S	S. in Lest	16	T	Lady D.
S	M. in Lest	17	T	Lady D.
T	Inc. T. imp.	18	F	James C.
T	Gregory	19	F	Geo. C.
T	Frederick b.	20	F	St. Tewd.
T	Italy b.	21	S	S. in Lest
S	M. in Lest	22	S	Tr. Paul

1	T. A. Fonda	16	W. Hutton
2	W. G. Bailey	17	T. L. Collier
3	W. H. Shear	18	F. Grant
4	F. Ambrose by	19	E. L. Byrd
5	N. L. Ishii	20	Low S. Lewis
6	S. Palmer	21	R. Price
7	F. Van Patten	22	T. M. Moore
8	F. Fox, Inc.	23	W. H. Green
9	W. L. Stevens	24	T. H. Landis
10	W. L. Brown	25	F. M. Landis
11	W. M. Mizell	26	F. M. Moore
12	W. G. F. W. M. Mizell	27	E. R. Coates
13	W. G. F. W. M. Mizell	28	E. S. G. F. W. M. Mizell
14	W. G. F. W. M. Mizell	29	H. T. Moore
15	W. G. F. W. M. Mizell	30	D. 14th
16	W. G. F. W. M. Mizell	31	F. Flanagan

May xxvi Days.

Th	S.4h.3d-4	17	9	Jenner to
F	W.7h.20m	18	10	Rogation
Fr	S.1h.20m	19	11	Dunstan
Sa	Zemora	20	12	Columbus
Su	Mass.	21	13	Assumption
	Mass. I. a.	22	14	Ass. B.
	John Eras.	23	15	W. Kam.
W	Wap. I. C.	24	16	W. Vict.
Th	E. st. T. &	25	17	W. L. A.
F	Schiller d.	26	18	Augustine
Fr	Hf.-q. Day	27	19	Ven. Bon.
Sa	St. E. e.	28	20	W. Pitt.
Su	10.15h.20m	29	21	Chand. L.
	10.15h.20m	30	22	W. C. L.
	W. Pitt. Day	31	23	Carrie C.
W	Gration d.			
Th	O'Connell d.			
F	E. Allsware			

What Sun.	16	R. Tech.
He. Holiday	17	S. Albus.
Sr. Dr. 49a	17	W. Ter.
4. B. B. S.	18	R. War.
Paxton d.	18	G. Viet.
Calpso th.	19	Longest
He. Kristen	19	S. San. of
Tran. Sun.	20	Leibnitz
Dickens d.	20	Midori.
Hollisberg	21	Th. Gen.
He. B-con d.	21	IV.
Aesop Cup	22	D.J.Th.
Cortesian	23	G. Viet.
He. Nascent	23	S. San. of
1. 8th of T.	24	House

July xxxi Days.

September xxx D

1 M	S. Sedan '70	16 T	D. C.
2 T	S. Sts. 616	17 W	Lem.
3 W	S. Sts. 614 m	18 W	11
4 T	S. Sts. 614 m	19 W	11
5 M	Compte d.	20 S	15 s.
6 M	Colbert d.	21 S	15 s.
7 S	128 s. of Tr.	22 W	H. K.
8 M	Mo. H. 7 M	23 W	E.
9 T	R. Fendren	24 W	M. B.
10 W	S. Quenney	25 W	F.
11 T	R. David	26 F	M. C.
12 W	R. Fischer d.	27 S	15
13 T	Tel. elektric	28 S	15
14 S	16 s. of Tr.	29 S	Mich.
15 M	S. Bright	30 F	Eu. A.

November xxx Days.

18	All Streets	16	22 St. of T.
19	21 St. of T.	17	Hugh B. Smith
20	22 St. of T.	18	W. W. Williams
21	St. of T. and Lark	19	W. A. Steele
22	W. St. of St. Mark	20	Weston Calhoun
23	Leonard	21	J. H. Magg
24	H. Moulton	22	Mr. Coccia
25	Melissa d.	23	34 St. of T.
26	W. St. of T.	24	J. Knoe
27	St. Lethbridge	25	D. St. John
28	St. Martin	26	W. G. Gridt
29	W. St. of T.	27	Pr. M. A. G.
30	W. St. of T.	28	W. G. Gridt
31	W. St. of T.	29	W. G. Gridt
1	Leahman d.	30	W. G. Gridt
2	Madison	31	W. G. Gridt

1	M	Pre. Win. b.	17	W	S. Niles T.
2	T	W. A. Austin	18	T	Spore
3	T	B. Braden	19	T	W. C. B. B.
4	T	H. T. Fisher	20	T	W. C. Fisher
5	S	B. H. Johnson	21	S	W. C. Ade.
6	S	Ex. Nicholas	22	S	W. G. W.
7	S	S. H. in Adv.	23	T	W. Jon. II, T.
8	C	H. M. V.	24	T	W. Christ. Z.
9	T	V. Andjek	25	T	W. Chris. Z.
10	T	W. Miller	26	S	W. Chris. Z.
11	T	Orman	27	S	W. Niles
12	C	C. C. ber. d.	28	T	W. John
13	S	W. C. in Adv.	29	S	W. of Ch.
14	S	I. W. - hon. d.	30	S	W. Gloucester
15	T	W. V. Walker	31	T	W. Legan th.
16	T	W. V. Walker	32	W	W. Gloucester



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Farmer's Wife (to little Rustic, her Protégé). "WELL, SAM, YOUR MASTER AND I ARE GOING UP TO LONDON FOR THE CATTLE SHOW."

Cow Boy. "OH, I'M SURE I HOPE YE'U'LL TAKE THE FUST PRIZE, 'M—THAT I DEW!"

JANUARY.

UPON the Ice, 'tis nice to glide,
[side !
A merry maiden by your side,
The air is keen, the day is fine,
You think the sport is most divine,
When skimming o'er the frozen tide.

To Miss CHINCHILLA you confide,
How proud you are to be her guide ;
Then try to cut some quaint design
Upon the Ice.

With measured motion, rhythmic stride,
You put on speed and put on side :
You cut the figures Eight and Nine—
And sometimes on your back recline !
Such falls will sometimes come to pride
Upon the Ice.

ON DITS.—Her MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to accede to the recommendation on the part of the PREMIER to create the Marquis of SALISBURY a Duke.—The Christian Young Men's Society have invited Professor HUXLEY to deliver a Lecture on "Evolution" at Exeter Hall.



HAPPY THOUGHT !

Ambitious Wife of his Lordly Bosom. "I WISH YOU'D GO ON A STARRING TOUR IN AMERICA, MY LOVE, AND TAKE THE CHOIR WITH YOU ! IT WOULD BE SUCH A SUCCESS ! THERE'S NO CHOIR CAN TOUCH OURS, YOU KNOW—AND YOU'RE QUITE THE HANDSOMEST OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS !"

FEBRUARY.

SAINT Valentine ! The post is late !
No letters come—'tis long past Eight !
But on this bright auspicious day
Frivolity holds laughing sway,
And sober Commocroo has to wait !

The burdened postmen moan their fate,
This Festival they reprobate ;
And often think they'd like to flay
Saint Valentine !

But in these views you'll find Miss KATE
Does not at all participate ;
And NINA, MARY, FLO, and FAY,
With DAISY, VIOLET, and MAY,
Right gleefully commemorate—
Saint Valentine !

CURIOS BOTANICAL CHANGE.—Old Almanacks say, "Maidenhair flowers on 31st January." Flowers may now be seen on Maidenhair all the year round, especially in the evening and at Balls.

SMOKER'S PROVERB.—"Weeds" blow apace.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

A CHRISTMAS CHAPTER ON "OLD FRIENDS." (By Our Pet Cynic.)



"MR. MIVERS AND MR. BLATT ARE GOING ON A SKETCHING TOUR, PAPA. WHY NOT JOIN THEM?"—"OH, WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH BLATT, HE PITCHES INTO MIVERS! AND WHENEVER I'M ALONE WITH MIVERS, HE PITCHES INTO BLATT; AND WHENEVER THAT'S BE ALONE, THEY PITCH INTO ME!"—"YOU MIGHT ALL THREE KEEP TOGETHER!"—"WHY, WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT?"



"WHY NOT GO AND SEE SMITH, JOHN, AS YOU SEEM SO DULL?"—"OH, HE'S A BORE! HE DOESN'T TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY AFFAIRS, AND DOESN'T CARE TO TALK ABOUT HIS OWN!"—"WELL, GO AND SEE JONES, THEN!"—"OH, HE'S SO BEASTLY INQUISITIVE!"—"WELL, ROBINSON!"—"OH, HE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF!"



"LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME ABOUT H.R.H., AND ALL THE DUKES YOU GO SHOOTING WITH, AND ALL THE DUCHESSSES WHO CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT YOU!—AND WHEN I TRY TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BARONET WHO LEFT HIS CARD ON ME BY MISTAKE, AND THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS WHO CALLED ON MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF A COOK, YOU SUDDENLY TURN ROUND AND ASK AFTER THE HEALTH OF MY UNCLE THE PORK-BUTCHER!"



"ONE NEVER SEES ANYTHING OF YOU, HOW YOU'VE GROWN SO SUCCESSFUL, JONES! I SUPPOSE YOU PREFER NEW FRIENDS WHO FLATTER, TO OLD FRIENDS, WHO TELL YOU THE TRUTH!"—"WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, FLATTERY'S WORTHLESS, WHEREAS TRUTH IS SO RARE AND VALUABLE AN ARTICLE, THAT I CAN'T BEAR TO ENCOURAGE THE LAVISH RECKLESSNESS WITH WHICH YOU ALWAYS SEEM SO READY TO SQUANDER IT—ESPECIALLY ON MYSELF!"



DIFFERENT PEOPLE TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS.—VENICE ACCORDING TO THREE ARTISTS.

A VENAL VALENTINE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DAY.

"LADY, may I call you mine ?
Fair you are in form and face,
And your singing is divine,
While you dance with perfect
grace ;

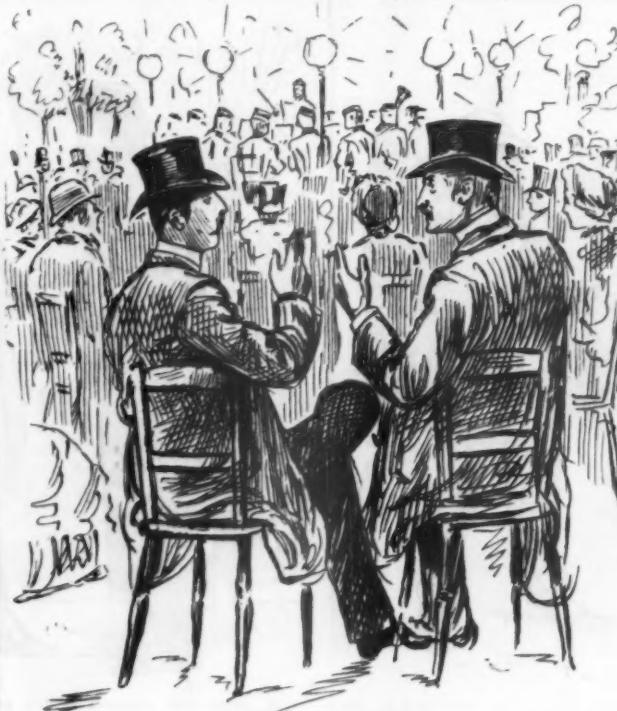
You would make a winsome wife,
Tell me, will you crown my life ?"

"Sir, I'm honoured by your thought,
And the pleasant words you've said ;
I've been fashionably taught,
Or such talk might turn my head ;
I don't ask for brains or birth,
Only tell me what you're worth."

"I've a competence, my dear,
What's enough for one fits two;
Just a thousand pounds a year.
Or I would not dare to woo :
Love within a cot, *ma belle*,
But it shall be furnished well."

"One poor thousand ! Fie ! for shame !
You presume like other men.
I can't change my maiden name
Under twenty 'thou' or ten.
Fifty would be better : so,
Gentle Sir, I must say 'No !'"

"But I love you, oh, my sweet !
Has not that a potent spell ?



THE FISHERIES.

First Old Chappie. "AW-AWFY JOLLY—THE MUSIC, EH ?"
Second Old Chappie. "YES, WONDAW HOW IT WILL AFFECT THE PRICE OF FISH !"

See, I vow before your feet,
In all years to love you well.
Put my love into the scale
'Gainst the gold, and list my tale."

"Love 'gainst gold ! It kicks the beam.
Tis a fancy of old time.
I'm too well brought up to dream

As the poets do in rhyme :
And the Valentine for me
Need bring only £. s. d. !"

ON DIT.—His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in compliance with the request of General BOOTH, will shortly review the Salvation Army.

THERE'S many a slip
Twixt the boy and the "tip."
A stitch in the side
Spoils the "sprinter's" pride.
When the "Cat" is away
The Garoter will play.
A "big pot"
May catch it hot.

CON. FOR SCIENTISTS.—Why is a decapitated criminal like a Chinaman ?—Because he is at once beheaded and curtailed.

WHY can Venison never be a cheap article of diet ?—Because it is Deer at any price.

WHY are Irish Debates like COOK's Tours ?—Because they are "personally" conducted.



"ARCADES AMBO."

[Explanations in the rain! Cabby said, "The House!" Cabby (lately from the Provinces also), "Ouse!—WHAT 'Ouse?" Cabby (when he returned to the Shelter), "The language that Ge'leman give 'im was that ch'ice, he thought he must 'a' been one o' the Irish lot!"

MERRY ENGLAND IN THE MODERN TIME.

THE phraseology of the period (some of it) seems decidedly to signify a revival of the days of Chivalry. Recently the papers reported a grand "Lawn Tennis Tournament." A little before that, they published accounts of a "Chess Tournament;" and various other contests of all kinds are likewise described as "Tournaments." What next? A Billiard Tournament, perhaps, a Backgammon Tournament, and a Pool Tournament. If a Chess Tournament, why not also a Whist Tournament, and then a Loo Tournament and a Vingt-et-un Tournament as well? Moreover, the boys may have their innings at a Cricket Tournament, and a series of games at Football, dignified with the title of a "Football Tournament," might be placed on the same footing.

Besides "Tournaments" going on in every direction, there are also advancing on all hands to the front large numbers of daring "Champions." The humblest crafts and callings have their Champions now. There is a Champion Bill-Sticker; possibly, too, a Champion Ratcatcher. These bold Knights are understood to advertise and proclaim that they invite and defy competition in their respective industries. To that effect they, as it were, blow their own trumpets. No end of Challenges offered and accepted, and fought out in matches for Challenge Cups, Plates, and similar prizes of victory, appear to bespeak a return to the martial manners of the Middle Ages.

ZODIACAL EQUATIONS.

JANUARY—*Aquarius*, Water-bearer . = Man Mackintosh-wearer.
 FEBRUARY—*Pisces*, the Fishes . . . = Sleet cuts us like swishes.
 MARCH—*Aries*, the Ram = Panes rattle, doors slam.
 APRIL—*Taurus*, the Bull = The gutters all full.
 MAY—*Gemini*, the Twins = Mankind requires fins.
 JUNE—*Cancer*, the Crab = Skies a dull drab.
 JULY—*Leo*, the Lion = The pavement we fry on.
 AUGUST—*Virgo*, the Virgin = Autumnal mists merge in.
 SEPTEMBER—*Libra*, the Scales = Blows thundering gales.
 OCTOBER—*Scorpio*, the Scorpion . . . = Gut Tennis-bats warp yon.
 NOVEMBER—*Sagittarius*, the Archer . . = Night frost, day a parcher.
 DECEMBER—*Capricornus*, the Goat . . = World a funeral afloat.

A DOUBLE DONKEY.—An Assassin.

THE TREACHEROUS TIDE.

I SAT on a slippery rock,
 In the grey cliff's opal shade,
 And the wanton waves went curveting by
 Like a roysterong cavalcade.
 And they doffed their crested plumes,
 As they kissed the blushing sand,
 Till her rosy face dimpled over with smiles
 At the tricks of the frolicsome band.

Then the kittiwake laughed, " Ha ! ha ! "
 And the sea-mew wailed with pain,
 As she sailed away on the shivering wind
 To her home o'er the surging main.
 And the jelly-fish quivered with rage,
 While the dog-crabs stood by to gaze,
 And the star-fish spread all her fingers
 abroad,
 And sighed for her grandmothers' days.

And the curlew screamed, " Fie !
 fie ! "

And the great gull groaned at
 the sight,
 And the albatross rose and fled
 with a shriek
 To her nest on the perilous
 height.

• • • • •
 Good gracious ! the place where I
 sat
 With sea-water was rapidly
 filling,
 And a hoarse voice cried, " Sir,
 you're caught by the tide !
 And I'll carry ye off for a
 shilling ! "



AN UNRECOGNISED EMPLOYEE.—Cobbler to the QUEEN.



PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How to make Fowls Pay.—Take a house next door to a poultry-yard, where there are at least half-a-dozen cocks shrill and long in the crow, and warranted fine early risers. Now, ask a lot of invalid relatives, all light sleepers, on a visit, and give them back-rooms. In a few days they will be in a state of such dangerous nervous exhaustion that you will be compelled to have recourse to medical aid, call in a local solicitor, employ a night attendant, demand compensation, take

out a summons at the local police-court, and appear yourself in the witness-box in hysterics. Take care to compliment the Magistrate on his personal appearance, and he will suggest a compromise, awarding you substantial damages. By a judicious change of your neighbourhood, from time to time, you will in this way be frequently able to make fowls pay.

"LITTLE PITCHERS."—Two street-boys tossing for farthings.

MARCH.

O, WIND of March ! O, biting breeze !
It nips the nose and nips the trees ;
It whirls with fury down the street,
It makes us flee in quick retreat,
And gives us cold and makes us sneeze !
It makes us cough and choke and wheeze,
With painful back and aching knees ;
With dire discomfort 'tis replete.
O, Wind of March !
It flusters folk of all degrees ;
E'en pretty girls and K.C.R.'s
Are not allowed to keep their feet.
It blows Policemen off their beat,
And brings the Doctor lots of fees—
O, Wind of March !

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.—*Simpkins (with a soul for harmony).* What can be more pleasing than a merry peal of bells ? *Stubbs (who considers all music a noise).* I prefer a knell. Minimum of nuisance.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.—*Jaded Epicure exclaims:* "Feed the hungry ! Well, of course. Rather, feed those that have lost their appetite !"



ANTIQUITIES.

Antiquary (showing his Treasures). "COLT'S REVOLVER, FOUND ON THE FIELD O' WATERLOO!"
Friend. "EH ! BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT—I'D NO IDEA THEY—" *Antiquary.* "NO—I DARK SAY!" (With exultation.) "OH, THEY'RE DOODED RARE, I CAN TELL YOU !"

APRIL.

AN April Day, so fresh and bright—
(T'will rain, I'm sure, before the night !)
We've done with Winter blasts unkind—
(Don't leave your mackintosh behind,
'Twould be a fatal oversight !)

In Spring-like garb we'll go bedight—
(Tis sure to rain, just out of spite !
And most perplexing you will find,
An April Day !)

The sky is blue, the clouds are light—
(I trust your Gamp is water-tight !)
To sing and laugh we feel inclined—
(Here comes a storm of rain and wind !
And hail, that's quite enough to blight,
An April Day !)

CONTEMPLATION.—Observe how *Tray* runs along with his nose to the ground. Happy dog ! His path is strewed with roses.

CRY OF A CHOPHOUSE WAITER.—"Stewed Cheshire for One." What, a County at a meal !

PRECURSOR OF HARVEY.—Whoever it was that discovered the Circulation of the Bottle.



GUSH NO MORE!

(Lines for a Lady's Album. By an unfeeling old Gentleman.)
 DON'T gush, Ma'am, don't gush ; though perhaps you're sincere,
 You give cynical wretches occasion to sneer,
 For they cannot suppose you to mean what you say,
 And they don't understand that 'tis only your way.
 To a hasty conclusion although they may rush,
 They count gushing all humbug. Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.
 Don't gush, Ma'am. Did hearers express half they think,
 They'd say "Gammon," and "Walker," make faces, grin, wink ;

Raise their hands to their noses, thumb-tip to nose-end,
 And four fingers the while in vibration extend.
 Eh, then what would you do but look foolish and blush ?
 Pooh ! desist from effusion ! Don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush.

Gush not, Lady, oh, gush not ! Do gushing give o'er.
 Oh, pray gush no longer ! Gush never, no more.
 Cease to talk in so tender and touching a strain,
 And, oh, from too flowery language refrain !
 Repress mimic raptures, and, e'en though you crush
 Unaffected emotions, don't gush, Ma'am, don't gush !

MAY.

A PRIVATE View ? 'Tis plain to you
 'Tis neither "private" nor a "view" !
 And yet for tickets people rush,
 To mingle in the well-dressed crush,
 And come and wonder who is who.

The beauties, poets, actors, too,
 With patrons, painters—not a few,
 Are elements that help to flush

A Private View.

The pictures you can't hope to do ;
 You're angered by the "precious" crew,
 And pallid maids who clap and gush.
 While carping critics who cry "Tush !"
 An wildly wrangle, make you rue

A Private View.

PUNISHMENT FOR FRAUDULENT BROKERS. — Put 'em in the stocks. Bonds and good securities to follow.

INADEQUATE OFFER.—
 Edwin. A penny for your thoughts. Emma. Not enough by ever so much.
 Thinking of a new dress.



IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.
 "THE TELEMELLEMICROPHONOSCOPE."
 (MAGNIFIES NICE SMELLS AND MINIMISES NASTY ONES.)

JUNE.

IN Rotten Row, 'tis nice, you know,
 To watch the tide of Fashion flow !

Though hopeless cynics carp and croon—
 I do not care one macaroon—
 But love to watch the passing show !
 You'll find it anything but slow
 To laugh and chaff with those you know ;
 And pleasant then to sit at noon,

In Rotten Row !

When Summer breezes whisper low,
 And countless riders come and go ;
 Beneath the trees in leafy June,
 I love to sit and muse and moon—
 While beauties canter to and fro—

In Rotten Row !

CAUTION TO THE CARELESS.—Never tread upon a worm unless you are quite sure that it can't turn on you to your grief.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Afternoon attendance for lecture—"two-four time." Dinner in Hall—Common time. Rule for refreshment—Never more than two in a bar allowed.



THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). 'SIT FURTHER BACK, GENERAL! YOU 'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHIE!'

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—How to render an ill-drained House thoroughly habitable.—Having satisfied yourself by the deaths of the three previous tenants, the caretaker, both house-agents, your own Solicitor and the Sanitary Inspector you have called in, that you have some ground, for suspecting the condition of the drainage of your house, —take off the roof, and supply its place with a level lead flat, surrounded by a neat balustrade. On this erect a large crickettent, the approach to which will be by a seventy-foot bricklayer's ladder, fastened below securely to the area railings. Now mount with your whole family, asking, as a mere precaution, your Medical Adviser, on a six weeks' visit, just to start you. There will, of course, be some slight inconveniences at first, but you will soon get accustomed to them, especially when reflecting that you have taken the only steps open to you, as the law now stands, of rendering your ill-drained house thoroughly habitable.

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—How to ensure yours if a reliable town supply of pure Milk. Fit up your back yard, scullery, or, if the accommodation on your premises is limited, even your back study, as an *extempore* manger. Now buy a cow,—a short-sighted one is best for your purpose,—at the Islington Cattle Market, and instal it in the quarters you have prepared for it. Begin to feed it at first on such shrubs and evergreens as may be growing in your own and the adjacent front gardens, and when these are finished, take it out after dusk to graze quietly in Hyde Park between 7 and 11 P.M. When detected in this, and warned home by the keepers, you will be able to keep the creature in fair condition for some time on tinned asparagus. By a little attention and tact, you will thus find that until your cow dies suddenly in a fit, or is removed by a peremptory order of the local Inspector of Nuisances, you will have ensured yourself a reliable, if moderate, supply of pure milk.

LAWN-TENNIS LOBS. (Served by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Line Ball.



Out of Court.



A Let.



'Vaunt-age.'



Serving Caught.



Screw and Twister.



The "Wrencher (Kenshaw) Smash."



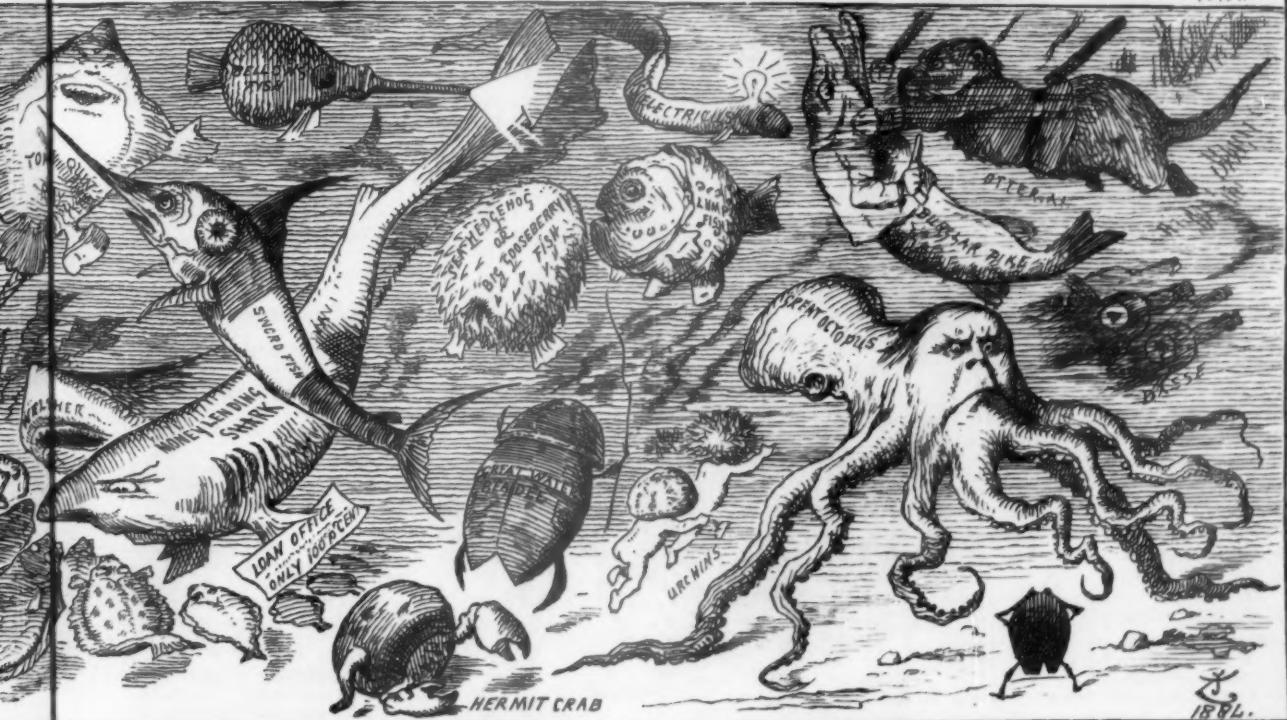
Smart Returns.

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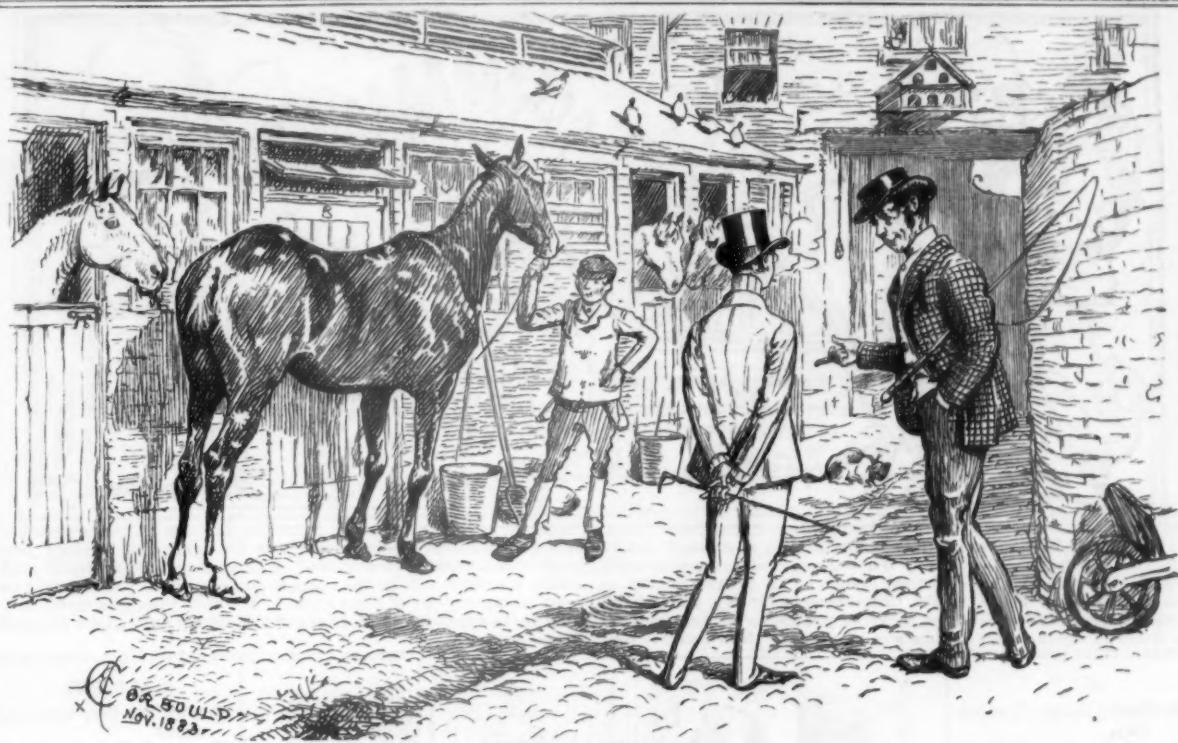


MR. PUNCH'S ODD-FISHERIES



1891-1901 71

LESI ROY MORTIMER



'UNTIN' SEASON.

Dealer. "WHAT! THAT LITTLE 'OSS NOT JUMP! WHY, I PUT HIM IN A EMPTY SEVEN-STALL STABLE THIS MORNIN', AND WHEN I WENT TO FETCH 'IM OUT, THERE 'E WAS A 'OPPIN' UP AND DOWN OVER THE PERTINENTS JUST TO AMUSE HISSELF LIKE."

THE TINKLING TRAM.

(By a Victim.)

TINKLE, tinkle, Tramway Car!
Well I'm conscious where you are.
Down below my study high,
Like a demon ever nigh.
When the morning opens wet,
When in fog the sun hath set,
Then you sound to left, to right,
Tinkle, tinkle, day and night!
When to sleep my eyes incline,
Then your bell kicks up its shine;
Up the street and down the street,
'Mid the horse-hoofs' mad-dening beat.
No—detested demon car,
I don't "wonder what you are";
But too well aware am I,
Tinkling horror, ever nigh!

A MERE MOCKERY.—Talk of Progress—with Oysters at half-a-crown a dozen!

A "MOB CAP."—The Cap of Liberty.

A WIFE'S VOCATION.—Husbandry.



"IS THE RECTOR BETTER TO-DAY, JARVIE?"—"NO, SIR; NOT ANY BETTER, SIR!"
"HAS HE GOT A LOCUM TENENS?"—"NO, SIR. SAME OLD PAIN IN THE BACK!"

"TAKE YOUR HOOK!"

(*The Straight Tip to Lovers of Peace.*)

WHILST the Parties rage,
Whilst the papers wrangle,
Cut the House, don't cut the page;

"Take your hook"—and angle!

Whilst the Critics drub,
Whilst the Artists wrangle,
Shun the Studio, cut the Club;
"Take your hook"—and angle!

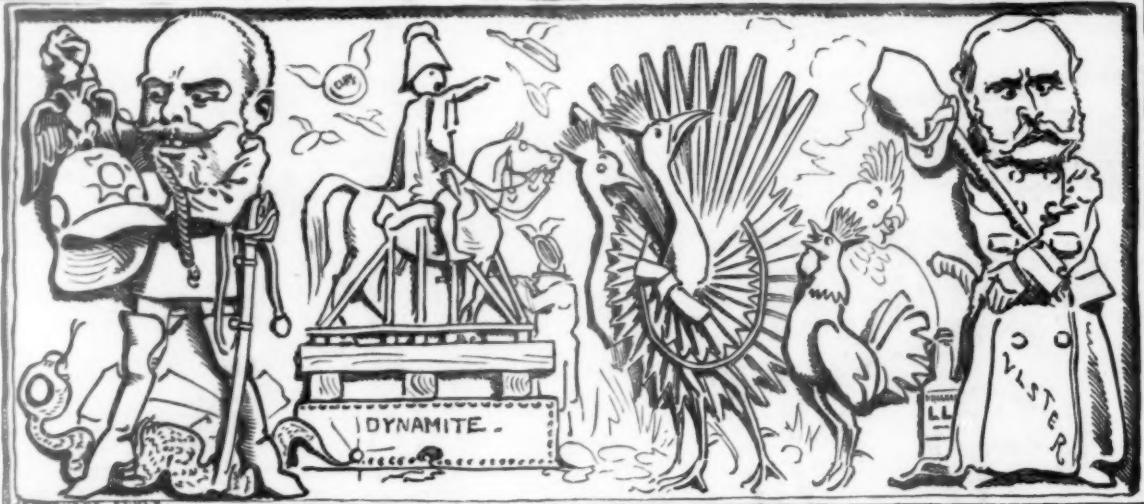
Shun the Sportsman's greed,
Shun the Histrion's spangle;
With your bird's-eye, or a weed,
"Take your hook"—and angle!

Trust me, would you shun
Worry's teasing tangle,
There is one escape—but one:
"Take your hook"—and angle!

HAPPY HIBERNATION.

Do I wish to be a bird?
No; I am not so absurd.
Had, when frosts of winter come,
Rather be a tortoise, numb.

"SUITED TO A HARE."
—A Currant-Jelly-Fish.
Hope to see one in next Fisheries' Show.



PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—*How to give, at a small cost, an effective and impromptu Farewell Oyster Supper.*—Having previously purchased a damaged lot of tinned oysters of an inferior quality, at an extremely low figure, in the City,—name your day, and ask all your friends and acquaintances, to whom you are secretly conscious of a desire to say farewell, to join you at supper. Now produce your

tinned oysters—and nothing else; at the same time bidding your guests "not to stint themselves." Should they take or reject your advice, the result will be the same, as in either event you may rely on never seeing any one of them again. You will thus, at a small cost, have given a really most effective and thoroughly impromptu *Farewell Oyster Supper*.

JULY.

ON Henley Bridge, in sweet July,
A gentle breeze, a cloudless sky!
Indeed it is a pleasant place,
To watch the oarsmen go the pace,
As gasping crowds go roaring by.

And, O, what dainty maids you spy,
What tasteful toilets you deservy,
What symphonies in frills and lace,
On Henley Bridge!

But if you find a luncheon nigh—
A mayonnaise, a toothsome pie—
The chance you'll hasten to embrace!
You'll soon forget about the Race,
And take your Heidsieck cool and dry—
On Henley Bridge!

LE SPORT ANGLAIS.

FRENCH readers of English sporting news will perhaps derive a bright idea from a recent notice of the first meeting this season of the "Southdown Hounds." What are "Southdown Hounds?" Mossoo will think. "Southdown is not fox; Southdown is moutons. Southdown hounds, then, are mouton hounds. In Sussex they hunt sheep. Without doubt it is fine sport. Let us go do likewise!"



VESTRIED INTERESTS.

The Vicar (to obese and panting Vestryman). "THE OTHER GENTLEMEN ARE A LITTLE LATE, MR. MACORMORANT?"
Mr. Macormorant (who has made a hasty meal and hurried off so as to be in time). "YES, SIR; AND I DON'T WONDER AT IT. SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY DON'T COME AT ALL. WHAT WITH TAKIN' AWAY OUR LUNCHES, ABOLISHIN' OUR DINNERS, AND CUTTIN' DOWN OUR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS, THE PERFECTION OF WESTRYMAN AIN'T WUTH THE NOTICE OF A MAN OF RESPECTABILITY AND STANDIN'. IT'S A 'ARD THING, AND WERRY 'ARD THING, I SEN, THAT AFTER ALL WE DO FOR THE GOOD OF OUR FELLER-CREATURES, WE CAN'T GET SEE MUCH AS A MILD CIGAR AND A GLASS OF BRANNYANWATER AT THE EXPENSE O' THE PARISH!"

AUGUST.

BESIDE the Sea, upon the strand
The sun is hot, the day is grand:
I think you will agree with me,
Upon the shore 'tis nice to be,
Amid the shingle and the sand.

Your hands get brown, your face is tanned,
You bathe or noddle to the band;
Or slowly ride a solemn "gee"
Beside the Sea.

You pace the pier, you idle and
The offing never leave un-scanned:
And study, 'neath some grateful lee,
The "blue, the fresh, the ever free"!
The air is pure, your lungs expand,
Beside the Sea!

A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN.

THOUGH born far asunder, who says they are *not* kin, Bumptious LESSEPS and bellicose WATKIN? Each his pet hobby is hot to drive faster. "The Great Engineer" all the world must admire, But is much of opinion that he is—like Fire—A capital servant, but dangerous master.

A POST OF DANGER.—
That of crossing-sweeping on a level crossing.



ORDERS FOR TRADESMEN.

As the Aristocracy is now "going into Trade," it may become convenient to fit Titles to our various Commercial Callings and Crafts. Here are a few suggestions :

For a Hoisiere.—K.G. Knight of the Garter. *For a Soap-Boiler*.—C.B. Companion of the Bath. *For an Armourer*.—K.S. Knight of the Sword. *For a Brewer*.—K.M. Knight of Malt-a. *For a Playwright*.—J.P. Justice of the "Piece." *For a Money-Lender*.—K.G.F. Knight of the Golden "Fleece." *For an Adulterating Druggist*.—M.D.

"Doctor" of Medicine. *For ANY Tradesman who has turned Vestryman, and developed the typical "Porochial" Characteristics*.—K.T. Knight of the Thistle.

OH !

"*In Native Worth*," she sang, and her sweet eye,
Turned for approval on her listening cousin.
"Ah! native worth," said he, with a long sigh,
"Is—three-and-six a dozen."

SEPTEMBER.

A FOREIGN Tour ? I apprehend
A hand-bag I should recommend ;
A roll of useful notes from COUTTS,
A pocketful of good che-roots,
And MURRAY for your faithful friend.

Some French, on which you can depend,
A chosen chum, you can't offend ;
Are things to make—with tourist-suits—
A Foreign Tour.

You'll visit "lions" without end ;
And all the snowy peaks ascend ;
With alpenstocks and hob-nailed boots :
Or ride on mules—the sullen brutes—
There's lots of sport, if you intend
A Foreign Tour !

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

INTERROGATION is the thief of time ! True, tart Thersites, an ingenuous plan, Sir. Time's whirligig may show, malignant mime, A policy of questions does not answer ; And that, as aggravation of our Babel, E'en able question may be questionable.



FROM DEE-SIDE.

Piscator. "YES, MY BOY, AIN'T HE A BEAUTY ? FORTY POUNDS—THREE FOOT EIGHT FROM TAIL TO SNOUT—FRESH RUN ! I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM PHOTOGRAPHED, WITH A FULL-GROWN MAN STANDING BY, TO SHOW THE PROPORTIONS. BY THE WAY"—(faintly)—"WOULD—ER—WOULD YOU MIND BEING THE MAN ?"

OCTOBER.

ONCE more at Home !
We've ploughed the main,
We've growled in diligence and train ;
Endured the cold official snub,
And insolence of foreign cub—
In Switzerland, in France, and Spain.

For weeks we've struggled, all in vain,
Some toilet comforts to obtain ;
But now we hail our roomy "tub"
Once more at Home.

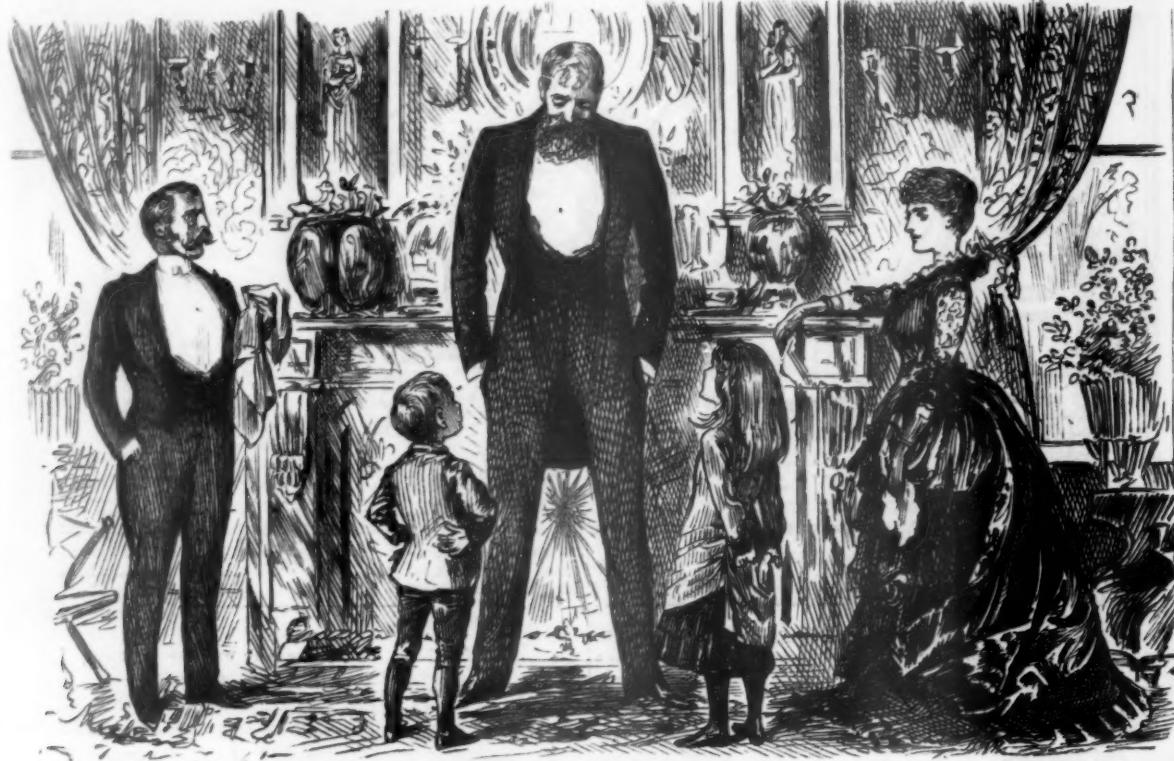
Though back we come to fog and rain,
And chills and bills, we don't complain !

We've heaps of friends, a quiet "rub"
A pleasant dinner at the Club—
True happiness we now regain,
Once more at Home !

RECIPROCITY.

Eh ? State support to Doctors ? That seems fair enough ; *Me e quid pro quo*, if reason rules the rate. One turn deserves another, and 'tis clear enough That Doctors are great pillars of the State !

THE SIGN "PISCES."—A "Mackerel Sky."



NIL DESPERANDUM.

Tommy. "DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER GROW AS TALL AS YOU, MAJOR LONGLEY?"
The Major. "I HOPE NOT, TOMMY, FOR YOUR BAKE. INDEED, CONSIDERING ALL THINGS, I THINK IT VERY UNLIKELY!"
Effie. "OH, AS TO THAT, WE'VE NOT YET QUITE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF PAPA AND MAMMA STILL GROWING A LITTLE MORE!"

THE BAFFLED ICEBERG.

A LAY FOR THE HORSE-MARINES.

IT was the good ship, *Heart's Content*,
 That sailed the stormy sea ;
 And our Skipper had taken no instrument
 To bear him compandé.

"For I," he said, "am a sailor born,
 And tricks of the sea I know ;
 Your lubberly sextants I view with scorn,
 Though the howling winds do blow."

So we sailed away to the Northern Sea,
 My dear eyes ! that ship did sail ;
 She went round and round, as it seemed to
 me.

Like a dolphin chasing his tail.

And at last we came where the icebergs
 frown'd,
 And should have turned us back,
 But the Captain swore that he knew the
 ground,

And steered right into the pack.
 We stuck there till we were short of prog,
 And it came to shoes and boots ;
 With sticks of rum—that was frozen grog—
 And we ate up our Sunday suits.

I may have been pampered when a boy,
 But I don't consider a button,
 With two square inches of corduroy,
 A substitute for mutton.

Then we'd no handkerchiefs, which warn't
 nice,
 And you may well suppose
 That even a slab of the purest ice
 Is cold for a sailor's nose.

And the polar bears they seemed to say,
 "We ain't in a bloomin' hurry ;
 A salmi of sailors will come one day,
 And likewise a bo'sun curry."

So we went to the Captain then, and said,
 "On you we place reliance ;
 You ain't got much of a figure-head,
 And you don't go in for science :

"But get us out of this awful mess,
 Or we shall have to kill
 And eat up your noble self." "I guess,
 My boys," he said, "I will."

So he took the ship by the bow and stern—
 For his strength was our Captain's pride—
 And he hoisted her over the whole concern,
 Right clean to the other side !

Thus the ship was saved, and I oft repeat
 That I'll take my affidavit,
 There's never a man who could do that feat,
 In the whole of the British Navy.

And this is the tale I always tell,
 Whenever my mess mates bid,
 For it makes a stranger cry out, "Well,
 I'm jiggered !"—and shift his quid.

VEDEXED QUESTIONS.—Why *will* that boy
 not bring my shaving-water ?—Why *won't* the
 Guv'nor raise my "screw" this quarter ?
 Why *is* that door continually shaken so ?—
 What *do* you mean by frizzling up my bacon
 so ? What *is* the use of trying to please
 Missis ?—Why *did* he go without the usual
 kisses ? Why *must* it rain on *this* day of all
 others ?—How *can* girls live in quiet with
 such brothers ?

BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. I.

I CARE not whether you're the fry
 Of herring, or a true fish,
 Or if in thee experts descry
 An ancient or a new fish.
 I only swear a man could wish
 No finer thing for sketching,
 And you should figure, fairest fish,
 In EVERSHED'S *Thames* etching.

On many an evening we know well
 You crown the pleasant revel ;
 You're charming cooked an *naturel*
 Delightful as a "devil."
 You come in crowds upon the plate,
 In glad conglomeration,
 And aid sometimes the high debate
 Of men who rule the nation.

You ask but little here below,
 But plain brown bread in slices—
 Well butter'd, lemon too we know,
 And cayenne pepper, nice is.
 Oh, winsome White Bait, dear thou art
 When on the platter lying :
 This tribute of a grateful heart
 May recompense for frying !

VEDEXED QUESTIONS.—Why didn't I put it
 on *Pope Joan* a bit ?—Why *can't* he let that
 bloomin' bell alone a bit ? What *does* she
 mean by being so dashed flirty ?—Why *will*
 Mamma not let me dance with *BERTIE* ?
 How *can* the Public like his jokes *Joe Miller* ?—Why *did* I drink that last half
 pint of *Sillery* ? How *could* I trust in that
 Jew money-lender ?—Why *did* I talk to her
 in tones so tender ?

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.



EDUCATION'S FRANKENSTEIN—A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

(Dedicated to the School-Board.)



MUSIC AT HOME. I.

LAMENTABLE RESULT OF INSISTING ON STRICT SILENCE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD MUSIC.

NOVEMBER.

A LONDON Fog, 'tis always here

At this inclement time of year !

When people hang themselves or drown,
And Nature wears her blackest frown,
While all the world is dull and drear.

All form and colour disappear
Within this filthy atmosphere :
'Tis sometimes yellow, sometimes brown,
A London Fog !

It chokes our lungs, our heads feel queer,
We cannot see, can scarcely hear :

So when this murky pall drops down—
Though dearly loving London town—
We feel we cannot quite revere
A London Fog !

VEXED QUESTIONS.—Why must the ice break up just at the holidays? — Why should there come an ending to such jolly days? Why did that Editor reject my ballad? — How could I venture on that lobster-salad?



ACCOMMODATING.

Old Crossing-Sweeper. "CHRISTMAS BOX, YOUR 'ONOUR ! I'M BLUE WID THE COULD . Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent. "BU', MY GOO' CREASH'RE, HOW THE DOOCE D'YOU S'POSE I'M—" Old C.-S. "AH, DO, SIR, AND I'LL SING YE A LITTLE SONG WHILE YOUR 'ONOUR 'B UNDRESSIN' !"

DECEMBER.

'NEATH Mistletoe, should chance arise,
You may be happy if you're wise !

Though bored you be with Pantomime
And Christmas fare and Christmas rhyme—
One fine old custom don't despise.

If you're a man of enterprise
You'll find, I venture to surmise,
'Tis pleasant then at Christmas-time
'Neath Mistletoe !

You see they scarcely can disguise
The sparkle of their pretty eyes :

And no one thinks it is a crime,
When goes the merry Christmas chime,
A rare old rite to exercise
'Neath Mistletoe !

VEXED QUESTIONS.—When will the stupid fellow pop the question? — Why did I listen to that tout's suggestion? How could they go and "sky" my "Dutch Girl Skating"? — Why did they give my novel such a "slating"?



MUSIC AT HOME. II.

ASPECT OF THE MUSIC-ROOM AFTER THE GOOD MUSIC IS OVER, AND SOMEBODY HAS INTIMATED THAT SOMEONE OR OTHER IS GOING TO SING A COMIC SONG.

THE SAGA OF THE SKATERMAN.



DOWN by the Serpentine,
Found I the Skaterman—
Found him a-wiping his
Eyes with his ulster-sleeve,
Eyes full of scalding tears,
Red with much blubbering.
Red was his nose likewise—
Deeply I pitied him.

"Cheer up, O Skaterman!
Never say die!" says I.
"Cheer up, my hearty!"—so
Tried I to comfort him,
Slapping his back, whereby
Coughed he like anything.
Forth went my heart to him,
Lent him my wife, I did,
Dried his poor nose and eyes,
Sitting aside him
Holding his hand. [says,
"Hark to the Skald!" I

"Tell him what's up with thee;
Thor of the Hammer will
Come to thine aid!"
Then spake the Skaterman,
Rumbling with muttered oaths
Deep in his diaphragm,
Grumbling at Thor:
"Blow Thaw and Scald!" he
cried;
"Blow heverthink!" he cried,
Salt tears a-rolling down
Alongside his nose.
"See these here 'Hacmes,' Sir,
New from the Store they are,
Never been used afore,
Twelve-and-six thrown away!
Friga the Frigid came,
Friga, great Odin's wife,
Bound up the river-gods,
Laid out an icy floor
Mete for the Skaterman.
Then I began to hoard.
Weekly and weekly hoard,
All of my savings to
Buy these here things—
Came Thaw, the thunder-god,



Brake up the Ice-bound stream—
Twelve-and-six thrown away,
That's what's the matter, Sir—
Thaw, he be blowed!"
Then, with a wild shriek, he
Upped with his knobby stick,
Smote on the Acme steel,

Smote with a mighty stroke,
Smote it and break it up
Into small flinderkins,
Banged it and smashed it up
Into smithereens.
Shocked, then I left him there,
Grumbling at Thor!

"ROBERT" AT 'AMPTON COURT.

HAVING a little time to spare the other day, at Ampton, I looked in at the Pallace, and inquired of a werry hartistic looking Pleace-man how long it woud take me to ave a look at the Pictures, and he said he thort as how they might be done in about 10 minutes. So I did 'em. And the result as I cums to is, as Pictur Galleries is reg'lar staggerers! I hears sum people, as don't know no better, talk about the wickedness of London. Well I wunders what they'd say if some of the most howdacious of these picture was put in a shop winder in Cheapside! Take Madame Venus for instance, how she could ever have gone about without catching fritful bad colds and attracting the eyes of the Perlice, I can't understand. There suddenly is one thing as I admires in these imperf old Painters, they was wunderful truthful. If a poor Venetian Gentleman, who had evidently not been waxinated, wanted his pictur painted, they painted him accordin, and if one on 'em, like BASSANDCO, painted himself, he suddenly didn't flatter hisself, for it's one of the werry huggiest faces as I ever seed. CHARLES THE 2ND must have married into a remarkable fine family, as I s'pose as all his Beauties was his Sister-in-Laws.

I never heard of St. William before, but there he is a taking off his armer, and jolly glad he seems to git out of it. Whether Queen ELIZABETH was a beauty without paint we none of us nose, but she suddenly wasn't a beauty with it, not even in her fansy dress and a fansy night-cap to match.

I didn't think nothink of the tapistrys, as they've evidently bin sent to the wash and all the brite cutters washed out, but the Bedsteds was sumthink sublime. I don't suppose as nobody under a prince could ever git a wink of sleep in 'em.

ROBERT.

"TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE."—How so when an Agnostic makes an affirmation?

A "DEAD-SET."—Artificial Teeth.



BON-VIVANT BALLADS.—No. II.

THEY may class thee as they will among the genus *Potentilla*,
My Strawberry ! *Fragaria* more properly they'd say ;
They may talk of evolution and your proper distribution,
Contrasting all your ancestors with what you are to-day.
But to me it doesn't matter, all their wild botanic chatter,
I care not what you were, so long as you are what you seem,
And I know the height of Summer brings you here, its chieftest comer,
I revel in abundance of fresh Strawberries-and-Cream.

When your praises thus I sang, "Go seek the more enticing Mango,"
The Bombay Nabob murmur'd, but I wink'd my dexter eye :
"Yes, at Bombay I would eat it, for I know 'tis very sweet ; it
Is absent, though, and happily the Strawberry is nigh."

The ripe Strawberry that crushes like a maiden's rosy blushes,
That crowns the richest banquet with a luxury supreme :
The fair Strawberry that lingers as if loath to leave your fingers,
Till buried in the bosom of the soft seductive Cream.

There's a moral, maidens merry, in this fascinating berry,
And in cream that circles round it, as you know to your delight,
For the Strawberry's completeness comes from piquancy and sweetnes,
And Cream supplies the medium in which they both unite.
So do you be sweet and *piquante*, and you soon will know that we can't
Resist the combination, and, while wedding favours gleam,
Let the bridegroom then endeavour to be smooth as Cream for ever—
Thus marriage should resemble pleasant Strawberries-and-Cream.

ADVICE TO A SOLICITOR.—Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

WHIST. (Cut In by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Pole, Cavendish, and Hoyle.



Cut for Deal.



A Rubber.



Honours Divided.



Playing a Trump.



Taking Dummy and Following Suit.



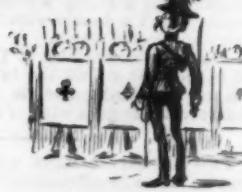
Returning the Lead.



Turn-up Card.



A Missed Eel.



Commanding Cards.



Game in Hand.



Discarding a Week's Soot.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

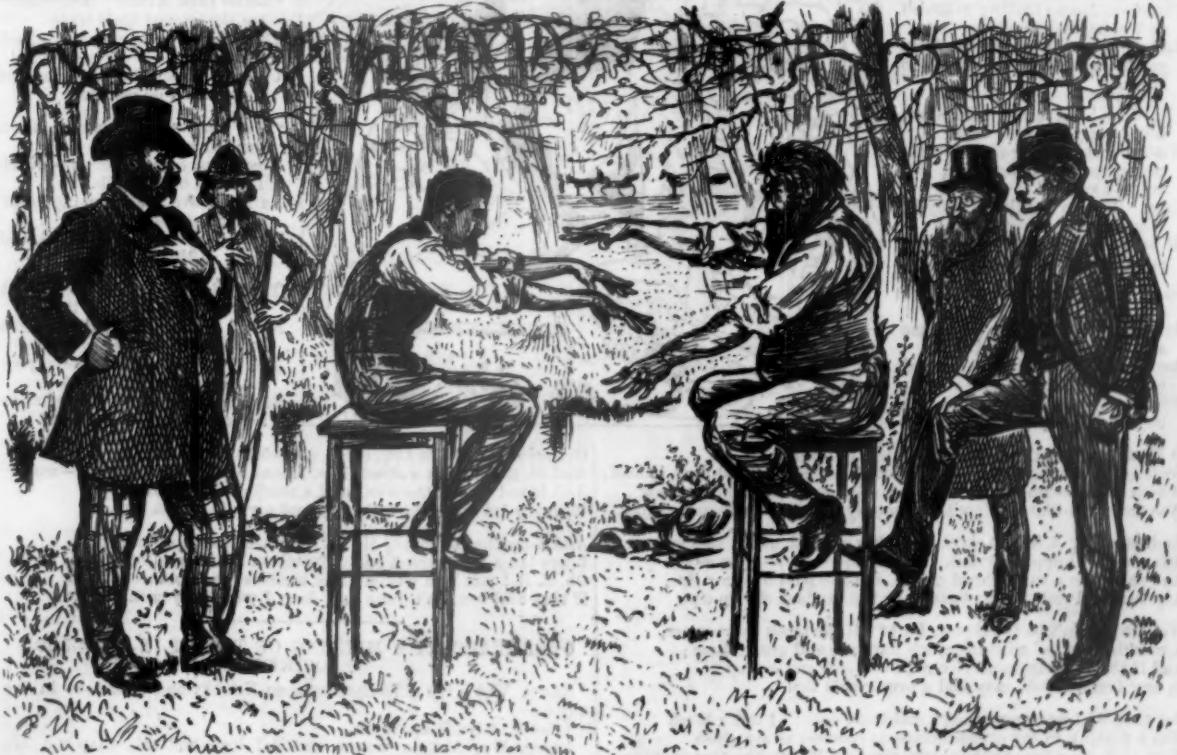


BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

BREAK, break, break,
O Slavey, my crock-e-ry !
And I would that my tongue dared utter
The wrath that's astir in me.
O well for the labourer's wife,
Who can wash her own tea-things each day !
And well for the labourer's self,
Who has no servant's wages to pay !

But the breakages here go on,
And I have to settle the bill ;
And it's oh ! for the shards of my vanished
cups,
And my saucers dwindling still !
Break ! break ! break !
A week from this you shall flee.
But the dishes and plates you have smashed
since you came,
Will never come back to me !

VEDED QUESTIONS.—Why *must* I go and
slog at that swift "shooter" ?—When *shall*
I get an eligible suitor ? Why *won't* he make
it Scarborough this season ?—Why *can't* the
woman lend an ear to reason ? How *could*
he fancy I was really serious ?—Why *must*
all jolly grub be "deleterious" ? Why
won't you come home early, as I wish
you ?—How *did* I catch thith beathly cold—
ah-tiss-hoo ?



DEVELOPMENT OF MESMERIC SCIENCE.

THE FATAL MESMERIC DUEL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, BETWEEN THE CHEVALIER LENORE, OF PARIS, AND PROFESSOR SCHWARTZ, OF BERLIN.
(Vide *Annals of Psychical Society* for 1884.)

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

(December 4, 1883.)

JEAMES IN OLYMPUS.

NO, MARY, 'tisn't falsehood, nor it ain't despair nor drink. Wish makes me shun your presinka, and prefer to sit and think. You're a werry good sort, MARY, and I never knowed you fail. Take a seat upon the coal-box, and I'll tell you a rum tale.

Them mufinks did lay evvy, and that clarsickle burlesk. At the "Grig" was most golumphus, so serblime and pioteresk, That, upon my solemn davy, I'd a feelink strong and odd, If I weren't a Henglish footman, I would be a Greshun God.

I am not a classic scholar, as to you may be bekown, Though I've read a bit of *Hovid*,—in translashun I must own. Which he ain't pertikler proper, but that seems to be a *tray* As perwades the Hupper Suckles in a general sort o' way.

Hupper Suckles? Oh, my MARY, not the nobbiest of the Square! Can perdooce a fashernable set us anyways compares With the little lot I dropt on in Holympus! "Ow the dooce I got there I can't remember, so it ain't a mite o' use."

The place were slightly waprons, much like washing-day down here, And I found my solid twelve stun in this misty kind o' speer, A-standing on a cloud-bank, with these same substanshial feet, A-bowing werry low to the Holym- pian helect.

There was Joopter—their Boss, dear—looking wasty high and big, With a 'ol o' air as luxurous as a Lord Chaneellor's wig; There was Jewno looking wixenish at Wenus, and Apoller, And—I'll not remunerate them, you'll learn more by what's to foller.

"By Jove!" I cries, permiskua. But a party standing there With a sort o' wing-tipped truncheon, sez, "Young man, you mustn't swear." I sez, "Beg yer parding, Bobby!" Whereupon a general roar Of larfter showed I'd bin and put my foot in it once more.

So I lifts my 'ed up 'orty, for I never could stand charf, And there's nothink so upsets me as a hindwidgious larf; And I sez, perlite, but hairy, and without a mite of hor, "Since my presinkas seems amusink to your Washups, I'll withdror!"

O MARY, my emotion,—but no matter, I'll purceed,— Sech a sweet young thing comes forward,—werry forward, dear, indeed; Which her westure waasn't wintry, not by no means, and her look Was that arch-like and invitink that my shoulder-knots quite shook.

And sez she, "A fellow-pheelin makes us kind, and I, like you, Am a sort of hupper servant. 'Ave a liquor-up?—Now do!" And she takes a rum-shaped goblet, and she puts it to my lips, And her 'and rests on my buzum as the tumbler she up-tips.

Well, it couldn't be the liquor, for to tell the truth 'twas queer, A morkish kin' o' mixture, much like rum and ginger-beer; And if that's Holymopian Nectar, I can only say a chap In any London Pub. may find a prufferable tap.

But that 'and upon my weakit, and them eyes! I felt a blush Was a-flamink in my countingance as crimson as my plush. Now don't weep into the coal-box, my dear MARY, like that there; There's a lot more yet to foller, so do pray keep on your 'air.

Jove from his throne uprises, and he shouts, "By Sticks, it's JEAMES! Which to meet him in the flesh has been the fondest of my dreams,"

Sticks hi: bolts up in a corner, like some bulging old umbreller, And sez he, "Are you a wotary of Turpochioiry, old feller?"

"A dance, a dance, Immortals!" And, O MARY, in a twink, (No, I'm not romancing, MARY, nor I'm not the wus for drink) I was doing the fantastick in the pufleck form, as you know, With Wenus for my partner, which my wiz-a-wiz was Jewno.

Ah! them Goddesses can foot it; but I think JEAMES 'eld his own, With Wenus's back 'air about a feller's collar blown, And Apoller's what's-it tootling fetching strains to guide the rush, A chap as wasn't in it were unworthy of the plush.

"You have 'go,'" sez Afferadity,—that's 'er halias,—"Well," sez I, "You are pleased to be perlite, Mum. As for you, you regular fly, Birds of a feather, ain't we?" "Right you are," sez she, "by Jingo, Tho' they do link doves with Wenus, while you're more like a flamingo."

"Ah!" sez Jewno, with a hoge at my pluses sleek and red, "I shall just cashier my peacock, and take Mister JEAMES instead."

And they all larfed most rumpageous, save a female with a owl, As surveyed the 'ole purceeding with a solemn sort of scowl.

Then more tipple and a waltz, dear, and my partner in the swing Was that sort of 'evenly barmaid, oh! the chick-est little thing, Which she said her name was E. B., and by times we'd waltzed a minnit, Jewno's nose was out of joint, and Afferadity wasn't in it.

Here, MARY, I will leave a sort of vacum, if you please.

"Better than Wenus? Nonsense!" sez the wicked little tease. Then I flops upon a nubbly cloud, and sez, "Ho! 'ear me swear! Upon my plush, she's jest the sort for which I do not care.

"She's *passay*, offe *passay*, like a duchess as once took A *ponshong* for yours truly—which I left 'er to the dook. As I'll leave the blooming bilin' of the Goddesses for you, My E. B., sweet as early purl, and fresh as Mounting Dew."

'Ere I riz myself to kiss her, but whilst nearing hof 'er lips, A sort of misty somethink, like a stage-arrangement slips, And there was all the Holymian lot, like himages, behind, Busting theirselves with larfter, in the which that E. B. jined!

O, I tried to rally, MARY, but it were *too* sharp a stroke, And so, slipping on a cloud, like, I head forward pitched and—woke, And found myself the victim of a mufink-murdered sleep, With my 'ed upon the arth-rug, and my pillers in a 'esp.

And since that momink, MARY, like that chap, Enjimmyun, I've bin a moonstruck party for whom life is woid of fun. Oh, E. B.! you're a wision of 'ot mufinks and cold sleep! If that coal-box ain't quite full, dear, I will jine you in a weep.

OVERHEARD AT A MEETING OF THE UP-IN-A-BALLOON SOCIETY.

'Arry. Wot's the difference between NELSON and that cove in the chair?

Charlie. Give it up, mate.

'Arry. Wy, NELSON was a nautical 'ero, and this chap's a 'ero nautical, to be sure.

BAD WEATHER FOR BUTCHERS.—Frozen meat imported from Australia. Cold and raw, but fresh and seasonable.



"We Clamb the Hill Thegither."

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

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John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

MY GOLDEN CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITH TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!—Health and the things we love, and those who love us. For Health use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**.

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